

Call of the Wild



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

ALL of the Wild! This is the time of year when the call of the wild is at its loudest, creating in every normal breast a pang unmistakable and poignant. It is the awakening of an instinct as old as the race—the desire for the open road. It is old Mother Nature herself calling, and she says:

"Play time, everybody! All work and no play is folly; you know the penalty I exact. Life in these modern times is too strenuous. Stop, get your breath, relax, rest! Come and play awhile!"

We Americans are the busiest people under the sun. There was a time when we played hard at all. Now we have finally learned the necessity of relaxation and recreation. The trouble is that we have learned to play not wisely but too well. Our avocations, especially in the large cities, are as strenuous as our vocations—sometimes even more strenuous.

"There should be nothing so much a man's business as his amusements," wrote Stevenson, and he wrote a great truth, which has not yet come home to us. So it is that we Americans, many of us, are coming to have double need of a summer vacation—to rest up from both our work and our pleasures.

The Call of the Wild means, in a sense, pretty much the same thing to all of us. But necessarily we can interpret it only according to our knowledge and experience. Fortunately indeed are they to whom the call means but one thing—whether gazing by automobile, or the flying spray of the salt sea, or the rushing stream whose deep pools hide the great trout, or the tent and campfire beside the placid lake, or the mountain trail to the peaks where lies the everlasting snow. These fortunate, hear, understand and obey.

Those of us who are less fortunate also hear and rejoice. But the call has no clear message. We do not know what to do with our play time. We do not know where or at what to play, and the interesting spectacle of a great people at play is added by the sight of thousands of unfortunates wasting their precious vacation days—getting little enjoyment and less rest.

Come, let us plan vacation days while yet the season's new! The season of the trip that pays is knowing what to do.

That's the motto of the wise. They are not among these unfortunates. They have planned their vacation carefully and put common sense into their plans. They have taken stock of their physical and mental needs. They have profited by the experience of past vacations and their successes and failures. They understand that a vacation for pleasure and a vacation for recuperation are not necessarily the same thing, but they will try to combine pleasure and recuperation.

Change is a great factor in both pleasure and rest. When play time comes around most of us instinctively long for something that our daily life does not offer. Often this longing is a safe guide, provided common sense is used. Obviously a camping trip in the wilds is not suited to those who must have soft beds, delicate viands and deft service—even if they are lovers of nature, longing for a novel experience. It is equally obvious that these nature lovers would be out of place in a fashionable summer resort where people congregate to see and be seen. The common sense of it is that they should go where scenic beauty can be enjoyed under the conventional comforts of life are not lacking.

When vacation time means to the weary worker an opportunity to recuperate from toil, rest is what he needs. The best rest is absolute inaction. "I loathe and invite my soul," wrote Walt Whitman. But loathing is a fine art; most of us are too used to be up and doing to enjoy sitting and twiddling our thumbs. A change of scene and occupation, with the blessed consciousness that we do not have to do anything, is the best rest. The hodgepodge who came into money had the psychology of it down when he set his alarm clock at three his shoe at it when it went off and turned over for a nap.

The wise man will take his vacation temperately. To return to rest up from his play—that is a poor proposition. To come back to work with renewed strength and energy—that's the thing. The wrong kind of vacation may be worse than none. The right kind of vacation may be a veritable godsend. The wise man will so order his play as to come back refreshed and restored and eager for new worlds to conquer.

And wherever the Call of the Wild takes us,

let us be "good sports"—which is to say, let us be sportsmen and live up to a sportsman's ideal! And what is a sportsman? It is easy to say this: The sportsman is the gentleman of the outdoors. But that does not comprehensively define the sportsman because it is still more difficult to define the gentleman.

Anyway, whatever else he may be, the sportsman is the man who plays fair—with nature, with wild animal life, with his companions, with himself. He never wantonly defaces the fair face of nature. He never pollutes stream or lake. He never cuts down a tree that he does not need. He buries or burns his camp rubbish. He cleans up his camping place. And he is very sure that he sets no forest fire.

The sportsman plays fair with wild animal life. He will not hunt out of season. He will not kill a female deer or elk. He will not shoot a bird except when flying. In angling he uses light tackle to give the fish a fair chance. He will use the fly rather than the worm for trout. He will put back the small trout—and handle it with a wet hand. He will use the single hook rather than the gang hooks. He never takes from forest, field, lake and stream more than he can use. And always he obeys the local game laws.

The sportsman is a delight in camp and on the trail. He takes pride in keeping up his end, in doing his full share efficiently, willingly and cheerfully. In emergencies he is a volunteer. He helps the tentfoot. Poor luck cannot ruffle his temper or spoil his outing. He gets fun out of trouble and can take a joke on himself. He is a good loser; he grins and bears it when defeat is his. He is a good winner—which is harder—and wears his laurels modestly.

And the sportsman plays fair with himself, which is perhaps the hardest thing of all. He is not too proud to learn from his betters. If he catches fish "with a silver spoon," he owns up to it. He does not blame his own mistakes on others or on his tackle. He does not exhibit his musky trophy and tell of his skill while all the while his inner self is saying: "You know pretty well the guide rigged your rod and tackle, paddled you to the place, showed you the exact spot to cast, told you how to handle the fish, netted it and landed it." In short, possibly the crowning ideal of true sportsmanship is independent achievement in sport or woodcraft.

Speaking of muskellunge, please recall those immortal lines in Sir Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler":

"We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did,' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Possibly Dr. Boteler was right about strawberries. And probably Sir Isaac was right about the innocence of angling, in spite of "fish yards" which do most amazingly snack of rank perjury. But when the model and pattern of all good anglers doth speak of angling as "calm" and "quiet," here is one disciple who rises up to say that Sir Isaac is no "Compleat Angler"—and it is this he treason, make the most of it!

For he rises to inquire: How can anyone use the words "calm" and "quiet" in connection with a thirty-pound musky? And how can any angler be "compleat" who has not been fast to this "tiger of the inland seas"?

"Calm! Quiet! Oh, would that Sir Isaac were back on earth. This is what would happen to him. He'd be taken to a certain lake and given a hand-made split-bamboo casting rod, with multiplying reel, braided silk line and spoon hook with pork rind. Along toward evening he'd be roved past a certain rusty post where the pickered weed and lilies grow, and there is deep water on either side. And with good luck Sir Isaac would thereupon find himself fast to a

glistening, leaping, darting, plunging, rushing piece of sheer devilry that would make him forget all his philosophy and all his morals, and act like a real human being.

Yes, indeed! When a man gets fast to a big musky it is no time for him to think of home and mother, wife, sweetheart, the League of Nations and the H. C. of L. As that ardent angler, T. H. Kendall, puts it—

I have felt exhilaration in the auto's lightning rush. Evading limitations and the law. I have felt the perspiration run down my smiling face As I cashed a winning ticket on a doubtful trotting race.

With muscles tensed and ready I firmly grasp my pole. I forget the rocking boat in which I stand, I forget my wife's relations, the salvation of my soul, My debts, my duties and my native land. Cold chills of apprehension go up and down my spine, And I wonder at my folly in selecting such a line. 'Tis the limit of the pleasures I have traveled miles to feel!

On this cloudy, breezy afternoon in June, When my heart is set to pounding by the protest of my reel As the Mighty Musky rushes with my spoon.

And then the congratulations would pour in on Sir Isaac. For, if, with the aid of an ornate club, a revolver, a gaff and a landing net, he got the musky into the boat, congratulations would obviously be in order. And if the musky got away, congratulations would be equally in order, since the panting, perspiring and exhausted angler got away from the musky with his life.

The poorest way to see the country is from the window of a railroad car. The next poorest is from an automobile going thirty miles an hour. A man on horseback has a fair chance to see things, provided he will get off the beaten high road. Really to see the country, however, a man must walk.

For it is only the pedestrian who can leave the beaten track at will to climb to the vantage spot on the slope, to wander off down the woodland trail to the tinkling stream, to cast himself down at full length on the pine needles of the cool grove. It is only the man on foot who has the time to find these hidden charms and the leisure to appreciate them.

And then there's the actual feel of the country under foot—the spring of the turf; the rustle of fallen leaves; the cooling touch of lush grass; about the spring; the ring of bonball on solid rock; the crunch of sand on the beach. That's the way to see the country—get into actual physical touch with it.

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If you go camping, here is some advice in the form of don'ts:

Don't neglect to choose your companions carefully; the smaller the party the more care is necessary. If a man has a mean, lazy or yellow streak in him, it will come out in camp. Don't eat a hearty meal when you are exhausted; you might as well take poison. Cool off and rest a while; then a hearty meal will renew your strength.

Don't go into cold water when overheated or just after a heavy meal. Don't go into deep water alone. Don't stay in after your teeth begin to chatter. Don't go in at all if it is a tax rather than a tonic.

Don't give up and conclude that the fish will not bite. If there are fish they must bite. Don't try to do your cooking over a campfire; use a cooking fire. A campfire for joy and warmth, a cooking fire is principally live coals for cooking only.

rites observed in the Seventh century, when Shotoku Taishi died.

Thoughtful Cardinal Undernourished. Cardinal Manning was extremely thin and emaciated. His eminence was visiting a convent in Liverpool where an Irishwoman was cook. She was presented to the cardinal, and, after receiving his blessing, she looked up at him, and said: "May the Lord preserve your eminence, and oh, may God forgive your cook!"

among the early settlers and they probably did not wait until the ship came in, "in ballast." It is a curious example of the survival of a story which is far from true and we can vainly scan the houses at Annapolis or Yorktown for true examples of English brick—Scientific American.

Japanese Convicts Wear Red. The regulation prison dress for men in Japan is a kind of strawberry-red colored kimono.

Have No Sleeves

Gowns Without Arm Covering Most Noticeable Fashion.

Style Applies to Majority of Garments From Bathing Suit to Outer Wrap.

Activities at country clubs and summer resorts have brought to light all of the warm weather fashions. The dresses of the summer season repeat very much the ideas of the preceding season. The materials are different, that is all.

In the trade fashion world, states a fashion correspondent, we are beginning to be confronted with styles for fall, while women have only just begun to bring out their summer clothes and while they are still feeling a trifle chilly without their outer wraps. It is a whirling world that shows a new idea along before the old one has been exhausted, but then there is nothing so awfully new under the sun if one stops to take the trouble to dissect it into its elements. Perhaps the most noticeably prevalent fashion is that of the sleeveless gown. From the bathing suit to the outer wrap things are made without sleeves. Sometimes short sleeves protrude from the widened armholes and sometimes they do not. This is all governed by the occasion for which the costume is worn. But the women seem to like the sleeveless gowns and, for this reason they are eminently good and satisfactory.

They are made of finely woven jerseys, of ratines, of flannel, of linen, in fact of any material that has enough body to be depended upon to keep its shape through all adventures. And this is something which women have learned in recent years—that, if they are to have wearable and satisfactory summer clothes, they will, in some way manage to have the materials of the sort that will not crush. It is all right around home to wear frocks that have to visit the pressing table repeatedly, but if one has a penchant for flitting about the country or indulging in sports of any sort, then the harder and more resistant materials must be brought into play.

There are frocks and sweaters and sleeveless coats made of these heavy jerseys and flannels and knitted materials. They are of the simplest of lines, but their great attractiveness lies in the fact that they are most brilliantly colored.

FRILLY AND DAINTY BLOUSE



This frilly and dainty blouse is of georgette crepe with frills of lace, and is one of the recent warm-weather creations.

BROWN IS TO BE FALL COLOR

New Card of Tints Prescribes Various Shades From Light Buff to Deep Seal.

The Textile Color Card association, which tells just what shades to wear each season, has issued its fall color card. Once again, as befits the autumn, brown and its tones is the popular color, and it comes in tints from light buff through gold and rust to a deep seal. Purple is also used, while gray and navy blue are of course in vogue.

For evening wear shades of red such as gayety, a deep rose, poppy red and aurora, a flame shot coral; together with blues, greens and rose oranges, are all to be worn. Indeed, the colors for fall are carefully chosen, and while they are of necessity based on the seven primary tones, they have been so combined and blended that many new shades will greet us in the season to come.

It is but a short time and the August fair sales will be with us, and the comforting assurance is given that the prices will be lower than they were a year ago. Just now the fur neck piece for wear with suit or frock is smart.

Because of the popularity of gray as a garment shade all of the gray furs, squirrel, silver fox, caracul, krimmer are featured, the latter fur being used as a trimming on silk and satin summer coats.

Among the novelties for blouses are twisted rainbow silks, copied by English looms from old Roman patterns. These are severely colored with broad

THE COOL AND NIFTY FROCK



This attractive chemise frock of Spanish influence is of white crepe de chine with heavy white fringe.

HINTS ABOUT CLOTHES

Frocks of crepe de chine feature looped panels. Armlets of ostrich are worn with evening costumes. Mushroom-shaped hats have long ribbon streamers.

Gold latticework is effective on a frock of brown tulle.

Baroque pearls worn on a silken cord are the latest fancy.

Allover embroidery jackets are worn with plain skirts, giving a two-fabric effect.

White veiling is having a tremendous vogue and usually it is dotted with various colored chenille.

Cuffure bands coming down over the forehead and fastening under the hair at the sides have been seen lately.

Lace has invaded even the realm of the purse—the outside this time! Afternoon bags, pouch shape, are often fashioned of it.

Just now there is a decided tendency toward featuring the taffeta frock in navy or black. On every hand one hears that this is to be a white summer, and judging by the alluring frocks and silken sports costumes this is apt to be true.

Many high-length models in exclusive blouses are to be seen. Wool embroidery, bead decorations and fancy stitching in silk and chenille are the trimmings most in evidence. The tie-on blouse is still in high favor, the blouses that tuck into the skirt being generally of the lingerie order and of wash materials.

Tulle hats that are apparently hopelessly crushed and shabby may be made to appear almost as good as new by steaming over boiling water. Hold the hat as close to the steam as possible without letting the tulle become wet. Then hold a light towel around the hat for a few minutes, after which expose it to the air and it will soon dry and look fresh and crisp.

shoulder line and short back. They have gusset breast pockets and are cut for high or low neck fastening with seven button pearl stud buttons arranged close together and reaching only to the bust line.

THE FITTED COAT OR WRAP

Effort to Be Made to Gain Favor for This Type of Garment the Coming Season.

Advance fall and winter style notes are now trickling through to the public, and it is said that an effort will be made to popularize a somewhat fitted coat or wrap, that is one with fitted upper part and flaring skirt. Fur wraps of this type were shown at a recent fur fashion show.

Whether or not the style will have much of a vogue remains to be seen and depends, of course, upon whether or not women en masse approve it. The fitted frock, suits and coats with flaring circular skirts introduced early this season fell rather flat, and many believe that the same fate is in store for next season's garments featuring this silhouette.

Printed Chiffon Good.

Printed chiffon is very much favored now and fashions many "dressy" summer frocks. They come in a great many varieties of vivid colorings and quaint designs. Usually the printed chiffon is combined with plain chiffon either in exactly the same shade or else in quite contrasting tone.

THE ANKLE-LENGTH SKIRT

Ugly, and Make Everyone Who Wears Them Look Old and Dowdy, Fashion Writer Says.

There can be no two opinions about the qualities of ankle-length skirts, which are gathered at the waist and which measure from five to six yards at the extreme hem. They are frankly ugly, a fashion writer asserts, and they make everyone who wears them look old and dowdy.

Hooped dresses of 1830 outline are quite different. This is a special genre, and it is very attractive in some circumstances. At fancy-dress balls, for example, dresses of this order invariably score an immediate success. But for everyday wear? You see, we have got far away from the calm, stay-at-home spirit of 1830! This is an age of hurry and bustle, and for that reason, if for no other, we need a special style of dress.

Crimlines were never intended for crowd, and the average woman who lives her whole life in the midst

The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

You may grow for your neighbor grapes or grape shot; he also will grow grapes or grape shot for you, and each will reap what he has sown.—Ruskin.

SUMMER FOODS.

A good emergency dessert or salad may be made with any good gelatine jelly as a basis.

Lemon jelly is especially good. Try it with this one: Arrange some lemon jelly, a teaspoonful or two of peaches cut in quarters, a spoonful of orange marmalade and a tablespoonful of pineapple preserve with a little of its juice to top the sherbet cup. Whipped cream may be added if one has it, but it is good without. Some of the same lemon jelly may be used as a salad with fish at some other meal. Serve it on lettuce with a rich mayonnaise. Peanuts are nice sprinkled over the top of such a salad.

Creamed Onions With Parsley.—Cook even-sized onions in boiling water, adding salt as they are nearly cooked. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add the same amount of flour for half a dozen onions, a half teaspoonful of salt and a little less of paprika, stir until well blended, then add a cupful of rich milk and half a cupful of the liquid in which the onions were cooked; serve, poured over the onions and sprinkle with finely minced parsley.

Lamb Stew With Peas.—Take a shoulder cut, cover with boiling water and cook until tender, thicken with flour stirred with some of the meat liquor, add a pint of green peas and cook until the peas are tender. Season well and serve the meat on a platter surrounded with the peas.

Now is the time to put up the small fruits, crushing until well mashed and mixing with an equal amount of sugar. Stir until the sugar is all dissolved, then can in sterile jars. Set on the cellar bottom or in the ice chest where they will keep cool.

Grape Nectar.—Put a cupful of sugar with a quart of water over to boil. Cook ten minutes, cool, then add the juice of three lemons, two oranges, one-half can of pineapple and a pint of grape juice. Let stand about three hours then serve lead with thinly sliced orange on top of each glass.

Barbecued Ham.—Wipe two slices of ham and trim off most of the fat. Parboil the ham, turning once; drain and put back into the hot frying pan in which the trimmings, having been minced, are fried out; add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard and a few dashes of paprika. When hot pour over the ham.

Though you have everything you like, and riches come to you, You may be unhappy, son; you'll find that this is true. But you can fill your days with joy: The way to be real happy is to like the things you have.

TASTY TIDBITS.

When you have several pieces of cheese, too dry to serve in ordinary ways, grate it and mix with a cupful of grated cheese and add one-half cupful of boiling cream; stir until the cheese is dissolved, add cayenne, salt, if needed, and pour into a cream cheese jar. The cheese will be creamy and delicious and the bits "will be saved for something worth while."

Cheese Salad.—Take a cream cheese or two, add thick sweet cream to soften, season with chopped olives, green pepper and nuts. Make into balls and serve on lettuce with a good bottled dressing.

Cottage cheese served plain, after it has been enriched with cream and such seasonings as are needed, served with a good bottled dressing, makes a most tasty salad.

Cheese Saver.—To one cream cheese add a tablespoonful of softened butter, one teaspoonful of chives, one-half teaspoonful of parsley, well chopped; one-third of a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and a anchovy essence, with salt and paprika to taste. Press into a glass and serve from time to time with crackers.

Cheese Croquettes.—To three tablespoonfuls of melted butter add one-third of a cupful of flour and stir until well blended, then pour on gradually one cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point and add the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten and diluted with two tablespoonfuls of cream and two cupfuls of mild cheese cut in small cubes. Season with three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of pepper (red) and spread on a plate to cool as soon as the mixture is smooth. When cool, shape, dip in crumbs, egg and fry in deep fat.

Cheese Supper Dish.—Spread bread with butter and sprinkle with grated cheese. Arrange in layers until the required amount fills the baking dish. Pour over a pint of milk mixed with two beaten eggs, a little salt and over the top a generous sprinkling of paprika. Bake until the custard is set. Serve from the dish.

Why is Ireland like a bottle? Because it has a Cork in it.

When was breakfast highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

What precious stone is like an entrance to a field? Agate (a gate).

Why is a horse the most stupid of animals? Because he always gives the fit out of his mouth.

What is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? The pig, because he is killed and then cured.

What is the difference between a hen and a musician who plays in his spare time? One lays at pleasure, and the other plays at leisure.

What kind of a "goodby" is it that has for the first part of its name the sound a cork makes when it is pulled out of a bottle, and for the last part a product of the holdest—Foghorn.

If a bear went into a linen draper's shop what would he want? He would want muzzlin (musslin).

What kind of a fish would be used in a lumber yard? Sawfish.

Why is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the direction of strangers.

When did the fly fly? When the spider spied her.

When was medicine mentioned in the Bible? When the Lord gave Moses two tablets.

Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him? Because he did not have a knife with which to cut it.

Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Because without a tail it is nothing.

Why is a selfish person like the letter "p"? Because he is always first in pity and last in help.

Why is a cowardly soldier like butter? Because when he is exposed to fire he runs.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

LITTLE CATERPILLARS.

"Hello," said the first little brown caterpillar, "so you're having a good meal at this leaf?"

"It is what I am having," said the second little brown caterpillar.

"How I do love to eat," said the third little brown caterpillar.

"When I grow bigger I'll eat more," said the fourth little brown caterpillar.

"I will eat so much and grow so fat," said the fifth little brown caterpillar.

"You won't eat any more than I will," said the sixth little brown caterpillar.

"I'll eat as much as any of you," said the seventh little brown caterpillar.

"When I get bigger I'll leave the rest of you," said the eighth little brown caterpillar.

"So will I," said the ninth little brown caterpillar.

"So will we all," said the tenth little brown caterpillar.

"Of course, we will," said the eleventh little brown caterpillar.

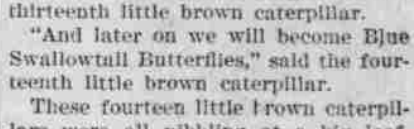
"We only stay together while we are young," said the twelfth little brown caterpillar, "and then when we are bigger we all go off and look out for ourselves and don't pay any attention to each other."

"Now our mother left us on this leaf, or rather she gave us this leaf to enjoy and we'll stay here while we are little ones, but we'll go off on our own adventures before long," said the thirteenth little brown caterpillar.

"And later on we will become Blue Swallowtail Butterflies," said the fourteenth little brown caterpillar.

These fourteen little brown caterpillars were all nibbling at a big leaf.

"We'll Stay Here."



Soon they would go off by themselves, each one looking out for himself and paying no attention to his sisters and brothers.

"Did our mother receive this leaf as a gift?" asked the first little brown caterpillar.

"Oh no," said the second little brown caterpillar. "She just liked the look of it or thought the taste of it would be good for us and so she just took it."

"Gracious," said the third little brown caterpillar, "you know caterpillars can't wait until they're leaves to have their meals!"

"They can't wait to be given leaves," said the fourth little brown caterpillar.

"They'd never get them if they did," said the fifth little brown caterpillar.

"And we must have leaves in our lives," said the sixth little brown caterpillar.

"How handsome we will be when we become Blue Swallowtail Butterflies," said the seventh little brown caterpillar.

"I greatly look forward to that day," said the eighth little brown caterpillar.

"And then we shall fly about and drink honey," said the ninth little brown caterpillar.

"And people will forget that we were caterpillars and will say:

"Look at those beautiful butterflies with their blue markings," added the tenth little brown caterpillar.

"We will pretend not to hear them, but it will please us," said the eleventh little brown caterpillar.

"Of course it will please us," said the twelfth little brown caterpillar.

"We will be so grown up and so we will be very beautiful," said the thirteenth little brown caterpillar.

"And eat too because it is so pleasant to eat," said the fourteenth little brown caterpillar as he took an extra large nibble at their leaf dining-room.

So they ate and they were a little bigger and then they went off, each one alone, to look for more food and adventures.